

1490.e.8.

73

ALFRED

THE

GREAT;

ORATORIO

As perform'd at the

THEATRE ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

The Music compos'd by Mr. ARNE.



Price ONE SHILLING.

(C 1751)

ALFRED
THE
PERSONS.

ALFRED, Mr. LOWE

ELTRUDA, Miss BRENT,

Prince EDWARD, Miss FREDERIC.

EMMA, Miss PLENIUS.

EDITH, Miss CARTER.

CORIN, Mr. MATTOCKS.



ALFRED.

ACT I.

CORIN and EMMA.

CORIN.

EMMA, 'tis He; against yon aged Oak,
Pensive and lost in Thought, he leans his Head;
Poor tho' he seem, he is no common Man,
Modest of Carriage, and of Speech most gracious,
As if some Saint or Angel in Disguise
Had grac'd our lowly Cottage with his Presence.
He steals, I know not how, - into the Heart,
And makes it pant to serve him.

EMMA.

Trust me, CORIN,

This is some Chief, that from our deadly Foe,
The haughty, cruel, unbelieving DANE,
Seeks Shelter here.

A 2

CORIN.

ALFRED.

CORIN.

And Shelter he shall find.

EMMA.

But, ah! the raging Foe is all around us;
We dare not keep him here.

CORIN.

I'll not betray him:
Just Heav'n forbid, that e'er a BRITISH Man
Should count for Gain, what Villany must earn.

A I R.

*Tho' to a desert Isle confin'd,
In humble Poverty we live,
The honest Heart, the virtuous Mind,
Are Riches, Splendor cannot give.
These Hands, innur'd to daily Toil,
Shall sow the Ground, shall plow and reap,
And chearfully improve the Soil,
Thee and thy lovely Babes to keep.*

EMMA.

Thou hast a Heart sweet Pity loves to dwell in;
But think upon our Safety.

CORIN.

O! just Gods!
When shall I see due Vengeance on these DANES,
That war with Heav'n and us?

EMMA.

EMMA.

Alas! my Love,

These Passions misbecome the poor Man's State;
To Heav'n, and to the Rulers of the Land,
Leave all such Thoughts, and wisely seek Content
From rural Plainness, and an humble Mind.

A I R.

I.

*The Shepherd's plain Life,
Without Guilt, without Strife,
Can only true Blessings impart:
As Nature directs,
That Bliss he expects,
From Health and from Quiet of Heart.*

II.

*Vain Grandeur and Pow'r,
Those Joys of an Hour,
Tho' Mortals are toiling to find:
Can Titles or Shew,
Contentment bestow!
All Happiness dwells in the Mind.*

III.

*Behold the gay Rose,
How lovely it grows,
Secure in the Depth of the Vale,*

Yon

*Yon Oak, that en-high
Aspires to the Sky,
Both Light'ning and Tempests assail.*

IV.

DUETTO.

*Then let us the Snare
Of Ambition beware,
That Source of Vexation and Smart;
And sport on the Glade,
Or repose in the Shade,
With Health and Contentment of Heart.*

ALFRED.

How long, sweet Heavn, how long
Shall red War desolate this prostrate Land?
All, all is lost——And ALFRED lives to tell it!
His Cities laid in Dust! his Subjects slaughter'd,
Or into Slaves debas'd! The murd'rous Foe
Proud and exulting in the gen'ral Shame!
Oh, ruin'd People, miserable ENGLAND!

AIR.

*Genius of BRITANNIA'S Isle,
Hope inspiring,
Ardor firing,
Gracious deign one heav'nly Smile:
Help this Island to defend;*

ALFRED.

7

O! protect me,

O! direct me,

To attain the glorious End.

ELTRUDA and Prince EDWARD.

ELTRUDA.

Come, dear Companion of thy Mother's Sorrow,
At length we have escap'd the bloody DANES,
Whose ravenous Pursuit hath reach'd the Cloister,
Where Safety forc'd us to retire conceal'd.

EDWARD.

This Letter tells us, that my royal Father
Is shelter'd in this Isle: But where, alas!
Shall I direct your slow and weary steps?

A I R.

*Come, calm Content, tho' late possess'd,
Resume thy Mansion in my Breast:
Sweet Fugitive! return, return;
For Sorrow there delights to mourn:
Thou balmy Comfort, bring Repose,
Or welcome Death, to end my Woes.*

ELTRUDA.

Come on, sweet Youth—Be Providence our Guide.

ALFRED.

What blooming Lady of majestic Form,
Led by a gallant Youth of manly Prime,

Are

Are driven by Fate to seek Protection here?

ELTRUDA.

Sweet Valley——

ALFRED.

Melodious Songstrefs! how thy plaintive Voice
Sighs thro' the Vale, and wakes the mournful Echo!

ELTRUDA.

*Sweet Valley, say, where pensive lying,
For me, our Children, ENGLAND sighing,*

The best of Mortals leans his Head.

Ye Fountains, dimpled by my Sorrow,

Ye Brooks, that my Complaining borrow,

O! lead me to his lonely Bed:

Or if my Lover,

Deep Woods, ye cover,

Ab! whisper where your Shadows round him spread.

ALFRED.

Sure, by the Voice, and Purport of the Song,
This gen'rous Mourner is my queen ELTRUDA!
Away, deluding Thought——It cannot be.

ALFRED.

O! bounteous Heav'n! 'Tis my Queen and Son.

ELTRUDA.

My Love! my Life! my ever honour'd Husband!

O! take me to thy Arms, with Toil o'ercome,

And

And sudden Transport, thus at once to find Thee!
In this wild Forest, pathless and perplex'd.

ALFRED.

Come to my Soul, thou dearest, best of Women.
O! welcome, valiant EDWARD.

EDWARD.

Dearest Father,
The heart-felt Joy that rises at thy Presence,
Has made Amends for all my Sorrows past.

A I R.

Why beats my Heart with such Devotion?

Why swim my Eyes, when you are near?

'Tis Love that gives the busy Motion;

'Tis Joy that drops the falling Tear.

ALFRED.

Kind Heav'n, that sent this unexpected Blessing,

May yet have happy Days in Store.

To yonder homely Cot let us retire;

For to the Pipe and Tabor's merry Sound

The Rural Nymphs and Swains will soon advance,

Suiting their Carrols to the rustic Dance.

T R I O.

Let not those, who love, complain;

If to part is killing Pain,

'Tis to make the Bliss more dear,

When the Hour of Meeting's near.

B

O!

*O! Joy of Joys, we meet to Day,
To part no more — Away, away;
For Love has long Arrears to pay.*

EMMA.

*Wish'd Ev'ning now is come, and this soft Hour,
Close of our daily Toil, in Mirth shall pass;
But wherefore thus delays each Lad and Lass,
Our sportive Measures on the verdant Grass?*

CORIN.

AIR.

I.

*If those, who live in Shepherd's Bow'r,
Press not the gay and stately Bed;
The new-mown Hay and breathing Flow'r
A softer Couch beneath them spread:
If those, who sit at Shepherd's Board,
Sooth not their Taste by wanton Art,
They take what Nature's Gifts afford,
And take it with a chearful Heart.*

II.

*If those, who drain the Shepherd's Bowl,
No high and sparkling Wines can boast,
With wholesome Cups they chear the Soul,
And crown them with the Village Toast:*

If

ALFRED.

*If those, who join in Shepherd's Sport,
Dancing on the daisy'd Ground,
Have not the Splendor of a Court,
Yet Love adorns the merry Round.*

III.

*Nymphs and Shepherds, come away,
Wanton in the Sweets of May,
Trip it o'er the flow'ry Lawns,
Swifter than the bounding Fawns,
Frolic, buxom, blith and gay,
Nymphs and Shepherds, come away.*

CHORUS.

*We come from Hill, from Dale and Grove,
Faithful to Friendship, true to Love;
Gay Health the Produce of our Soil,
And sweet our Pleasures after Toil.*

END of the FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

ELTRUDA and EMMA.

EMMA.

COMFORT, sweet Lady;
 Whate'er the Cause of this so deep-felt Sorrow,
 Relenting Heav'n may kindly interpose:
 And if sad sympathy can lighten Woe,
 O! cast a pitying Eye tow'rs yonder Glade,
 Where EDITH, all abandon'd to Despair,
 Hangs weeping o'er the Brook.

AIR.

*Love's the Tyrant of the Heart,
 Full of Mischief, full of Woe,
 All his Joys are mix'd with smart,
 Thorns beneath his Roses grow,
 And Serpent-like he stings the Breast,
 Where he is harbour'd and carest.*

ELTRUDA.

Alas! poor Nymph.

But she advances. — Let us withdraw, and listen.

RECIT.

RECIT. *accompanied.*

O fatal Love of Fame! O cruel War,
That tore my DAMON from these widow'd Arms!
Detested, bloody Field, where fell my Love!
Give, give me back my Slain.—Ah, no!—he sleeps
In Death's Embrace: In vain sad EDITH calls,
And wastes her Sorrows on the desert Air.

A I R.

I.

A Youth adorn'd with ev'ry Art
To warm and win the coldest Heart,
In secret Mine possess'd:
The Morning Bud that fairest blows,
The vernal Oak that straightest grows,
His Face and Shape express'd.

II.

In moving Sounds he told his Tale,
Soft as the sighing of the Gale
That wakes the flow'ry Year,
What Wonder he cou'd charm with Ease,
Whom happy Nature form'd to please,
Whom Love had made sincere.

III.

At Morn he left me, fought and fell;
The fatal Ev'ning beard his Knell,
And saw the Tears I shed:

Years

Tears that must ever, ever fall,

For ah! no Sighs the past recall,

No Cries awake the Dead.

ELTRUDA and EMMA.

No Cause but Love could wake such piercing Grief:

The unrelenting iron Hand of War

Has crush'd the Cottage with the lofty Palace.

This melancholy Scene indulges Sorrow:

Retire, kind Nymph, and leave me to my Thoughts.

ALFRED.

Why does my Love to this untimely Sky

Expose her Health? The Dews of Night fall fast,

The chill Breeze sighs aloud.

ELTRUDA.

My dearest Lord,

Think not my Eyes shall e'er be seal'd with Sleep,

While ALFRED wakes, oppress'd with racking Cares

For me, his Children, and his bleeding Kingdom.

ALFRED.

Amazing Virtue, join'd to matchless Beauty!

Come to my faithful Heart, there grow for ever.

A I R.

From the Dawn of early Morning,

To the Shades of Night returning,

Still those guardian Arms shall press thee,

Shield from Danger and caress thee.

Driving

*Driving far each anxious Care,
Love his downy Wings extending,
O'er thy Pillow lowly bending,
Shall protect the blooming Fair.*

EDWARD.

Great Sir, a Messenger from valiant EDWIN
Commends this Letter to your royal Hand.

ALFRED.

Now, EDWARD, Fortune smiles, or frowns for ever.
O! bounteous Heav'n, this scents of Liberty.—
Incredible! in these surrounding Woods,
When Night's dark Mantle shall descend to veil them,
Twelve hundred Men, accoutred at all Points,
The hardy Gleanings of the well-fought Field,
Behind yon rushy Brook, from hence due East,
Will meet, expecting ALFRED for their Leader.

ELTRUDA.

O! loyal EDWIN.

EDWARD.

Fortunate Event!

AIR.

I.

*As Calms succeed, when Storms are past,
And still the raging Main;
So Joy will have its Hour at last,
And borrow sweets from Pain.*

II.

ALFRED.

II.

No more we'll shun the Face of Day,
 Beneath these Shades to mourn.
 All Joys with ALFRED fled away,
 All meet in his Return.

CHORUS.

Sing, heav'nly Choristers, sing, sing,
 To chearful Lays,
 Your Voices raise,
 And fire to Glory ENGLAND'S King
 Thy Hope awake, thy Heart expand,
 With all its Vigor, all its Fires:
 Arise and save a sinking Land;
 Thy Country calls, and Heav'n inspires:
 Earth calls, and Heav'n inspires.

ELTRUDA.

AIR.

Gracious Heav'n, O bear me!
 Let Vengeance, long suspended,
 Strike at the guilty Breast.
 The DANISH Race shall fear thee,
 Thy saving Arm extended,
 To succour the Oppress'd.

ALFRED.

EDWARD, observe, — one Castle still is ours;
 Tho' close begirt and shaken by the DANES.

Thou

Thou know'st there is a Path, that, under-ground,
From *Kinwith* Forest winds in deep Descent,
And in the Fortress ends.

EDWARD.

I know it well.

ALFRED.

Away, brave Youth, and animate the Few,
Those ENGLISHMEN, who yet deserve the Name.

EDWARD.

What Time, great Sire, shall I expect your Troops?

ALFRED.

At Three, these Men, with ALFRED at their Head,
Shall in the Rear assail the hostile Camp,
While your warm Sally pours upon the Front.

EDWARD.

Smile, righteous Heav'n, on this great Enterprize!

A I R.

*Vengeance, O! come, inspire me!
Virtue and Freedom fire me!
Join me, ye Sons of Glory;
The Foe shall fly before ye,
And Fame record your Story,
In never-dying Lays.*

ALFRED.

Now, lovely ELTRUDE, to our homely Cott,

TO A

C

Where

Where thou shalt see me cloath'd in martial Terror;
Vindictive in the Cause of Liberty.

A I R.

*Sacred is war, and truly good,
That fights for Justice, not for Blood;
When faithless Nations break their Word,
And rightful Vengeance draws the Sword;
War, thus provok'd, shou'd ne'er it's Fury cease,
Until it triumph in a lasting Peace.*

END of the SECOND ACT.

ACT

A C T III.

ELTRUDA.

Recitative accompanied.

A H me! what Fears oppress my throbbing Heart!
This dreadful Hour determines ENGLAND's Fate!
O ALFRED! O my Husband! shield him Heav'n!
The Cause is thine;—O save this sinking Land!

A I R.

Guardian Angels, now descend

Gracious ALFRED to defend:

Preserve him from each hostile Snare,

And shew that Virtue is your Care

[Retires to the Back of the Stage]

Enter CORIN and EMMA.

CORIN.

O happy Hour! O pleasing joyful News!
That pious Man, whose simple Dress bespoke him
Some Woodman of the Dale, was royal ALFRED.
Our most gracious King.

EMMA.

More Wonders yet!

C 2

That

That gentle Lady, whom we serve and honour,
Is good ELTRUDA, ENGLAND's matchless Queen.

CHORUS.

O joyful Tale! conduct, protect 'em, Heav'n!

CORIN.

Prince EDWARD is dispatch'd to *Kinwith* Castle,
And num'rous Troops are marching to the Forest,
T' attack the DANES, with ALFRED at their Head.
I fly to know the Issue. [Exit.

CHORUS.

O blessed Day! O happy Isle.

CHORUS.

*Should ENGLAND succeed, we'll crown the Day's Labour
With Ale and good Cheer, the Pipe and the Tabor:
Each Nymph shall be kind, and each Shepherd be gay,
If ENGLAND, OLD ENGLAND but conquer To-day.*

ELTRUDA advances.

Enter CORIN, hastily.

My royal Queen, I bring you joyful News;
The King returns victorious.

ELTRUDA..

Thanks, kind Heav'n!

I fly to meet the Lord of all my Wishes.

[Exit.

CORIN.

CORIN.

Here let us post ourselves to give him welcome,
And dedicate the Interim to Mirth.

AIR and CHORUS.

EMMA.

I.

*Arise, sweet Messenger of Morn,
With thy mild Beams this Isle adorn;
For long as Shepherds pipe and play,
This, this shall be a Holiday.*

II.

*See, Morn appears, a rosy Hue
Steals soft o'er yonder orient Blue:
Well are we met in trim Array,
To frolic out this Holiday.*

III.

*Each Nymph be like the blushing Morn,
That gayly brightens o'er the Lawn,
Each Shepherd, like the Sun, be gay,
And grateful keep this Holiday.*

Enter ALFRED in Triumph, ELTRUDA, &c.

ALFRED.

Thus may I ever greet my gentle Queen,
My gallant Friends, and every faithful Subject,
Assist their Wants, encourage home-bred Arts,
And save them from the Wreck of foreign Plunder.

ELTRUDA.

ALFRED.

ELTRUDA.

O! my dear Lord, to see thee, hold thee thus,
Is Rapture, Extasy beyond Expression!

A I R.

O! what Joy does Conquest yield,
When returning from the Field!
O! how glorious 'tis to see
The Hero crown'd with Victory!
Laurel Wreaths his Head surrounding,
Banners waving in the Wind,
Fame her golden Trumpet sounding,
Ev'ry Voice in Chorus join'd;
All, all resound the Victor's Name,
And glow with his immortal Flame.

E D W A R D.

Now Freedom has shook off his galling Fetters,
And boldly strides at large through happy BRITAIN!

A I R.

O Peace, the fairest Child of Heav'n,
To whom the Sylvan Reign was giv'n,
The Vale, the Fountain, and the Grove,
With ev'ry softer Scene of Love;
Return, sweet Peace, to cheer the weeping Swain:
Return with Ease and Pleasure in thy Train.

ELTRUDA.

ALFRED.

ALFRED.

BRITONS, proceed, the subject-Deap command,
 Awe with your Navies every hostile Land :
 In vain their Threats, their Armies all are vain,
 They rule the balanc'd World, who rule the Main.

AIR.

I.

*When BRITAIN first, at Heav'n's Command,
 Arose from out the azure Main ;
 This was the Charter of the Land,
 And guardian Angels sung this Strain :
 Rule BRITANNIA, rule the Waves ;
 BRITONS never will be Slaves.*

II.

*The Nations, not so blest as Thee,
 Must, in their Turns, to Tyrants fall :
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The Dread and Envy of them all,
 Rule, &c.*

III.

*Thee, haughty Tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their Attempts to bend thee down,
 Will but arouse thy gen'rous Flame ;
 But work their Woe and thy Renown,
 Rule, &c.*

IV.

IV.

GRAND CHORUS

*The Muses still with Freedom sound,
 Shall to thy happy Coast repair :
 Blest Isle ! with matchless Beauty crown'd,
 And manly Hearts to guard the Fair,
 Rule, &c.*

S I N I F



*These, haughty Tyrants never shall tame ;
 All their Attempts to bend them down,
 Will but increase thy glorious Flame ;
 But work their Woe and thy Renown,
 Rule, &c.*

IV.

